

Sofia

and the

Starlight Garden

For Sofia —
my little angel.
All my love.
Nana.



Once upon a time, in a little house with a purple door, lived a girl named Sofia.

Sofia had the brightest eyes you ever saw — eyes that noticed things other people missed. Like the way butterflies landed only on the prettiest flowers. And the way her dog Mango always knew when she needed a cuddle.





One morning, Sofia woke up to find Mango sitting by the window, wagging his tail at something outside.

"What do you see, Mango?" she whispered.

Mango barked once — softly, like a secret — and looked toward the garden.



Sofia pulled on her purple boots and tiptoed outside.

The garden looked different today. The flowers were glowing — just faintly, like tiny nightlights left on by accident. And right in the middle, sitting on the biggest flower of all, was a butterfly unlike any Sofia had ever seen.

Its wings were silver. And they were sparkling.



"Hello, Sofia," said the butterfly.

Sofia's eyes went wide. "You know my name?"

"Of course," said the butterfly, whose name was Luna. "I've been looking for you. You're the only one who can help."

Mango sat down proudly, as if he'd known this all along.



Luna explained that deep in the Starlight Garden — a magical place just beyond the big oak tree — the stars had stopped shining. Not the ones in the sky. The small ones. The ones that lived in flowers and made them glow at night.

Someone needed to find them and bring them back.

"Someone kind," said Luna. "Someone who notices things. Someone exactly like you."

Sofia looked at Mango. Mango looked at Sofia.

"We'll do it," she said.

Luna led them through a gap in the hedge, down a winding path covered in soft purple moss, and into a place where the air smelled like warm honey and the trees had silver leaves.

The Starlight Garden.



A magical garden scene at night. A young girl with brown hair in pigtails, wearing a purple cable-knit sweater and blue pants, is crouching on the ground. She has a surprised expression, looking down at a tiny glowing star-shaped seed on the ground. Next to her is a fluffy golden retriever puppy with a purple collar and a heart-shaped tag that says "MANGO". A small fairy with large, translucent wings and a glowing body is flying near the girl. The garden is filled with large, drooping purple flowers and many small, glowing golden lights scattered throughout the foliage. The background is dark, making the lights and the characters stand out.

The flowers were all there — hundreds of them — but their light had gone out. They drooped sadly, like they were waiting for something.

Sofia walked slowly through the garden, looking carefully at every flower. And then she saw it.

Tucked beneath the tallest stem, barely visible in the shadows — a tiny glowing seed.

"A star seed," gasped Luna. "You found one!"



Sofia picked it up gently. It was warm in her hand, like a small heartbeat. She pressed it into the soil beside the drooping flower — and instantly, the flower stood up straight and began to glow.

Then the one next to it. Then the next.

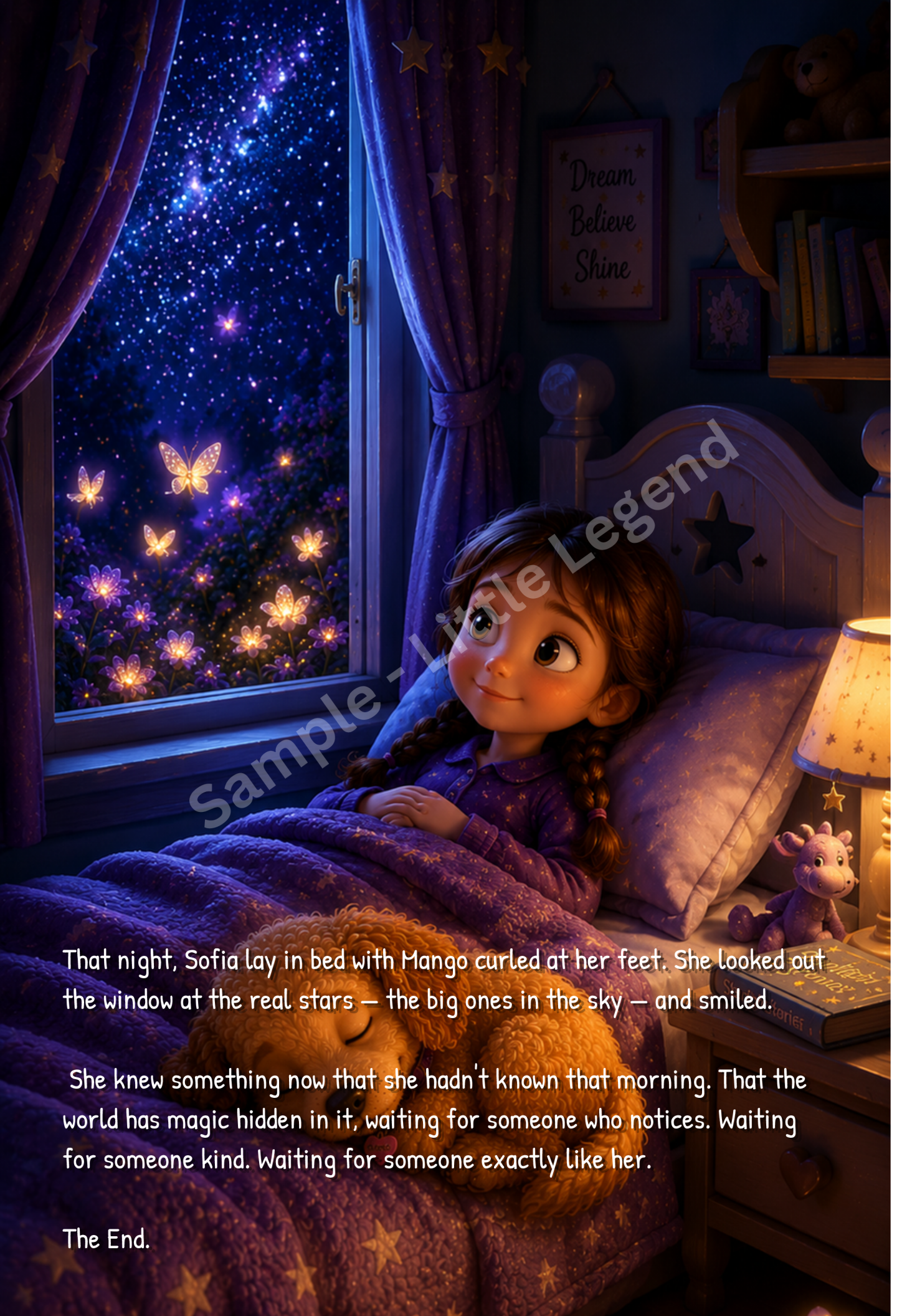
One by one, Sofia and Mango moved through the garden, finding every hidden star seed and returning it home.



By the time the last flower was glowing, the whole garden was shimmering. Silver and gold and purple light danced between the leaves.

Butterflies appeared from everywhere, landing on Sofia's arms and shoulders like tiny, living jewels. Mango ran in circles, barking with pure joy.

Luna landed on Sofia's nose and looked her right in the eyes. "You did it," she said softly. "You always could."



That night, Sofia lay in bed with Mango curled at her feet. She looked out the window at the real stars — the big ones in the sky — and smiled.

She knew something now that she hadn't known that morning. That the world has magic hidden in it, waiting for someone who notices. Waiting for someone kind. Waiting for someone exactly like her.

The End.